

THE WEEKLY ARIZONIAN.

VOLUME 1.

TUCSON, ARIZONA, SEPTEMBER 29, 1859.

NUMBER 31.

THE ARIZONIAN,
A WEEKLY PAPER,
DEVOTED TO THE GENERAL INTERESTS
OF ARIZONA.

J. HOWARD WELLS, Editor.

—TERMS:—

Three Dollars per annum, in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

One Square, of 10 lines, or less, one insertion, \$2 00
" " " " " three " 4 00
" " " " " one quarter, 10 00
" " " " " one year, 20 00

All communications and business letters must be addressed to THE ARIZONIAN, Tucson, Arizona.

A Letter from the "Ubiquitous."

TUCSON, Sept. 25th 1859.

EDITOR ARIZONIAN, Sir:—It is now, some weeks, since I have returned to your city, from a short and pleasant visit to the Mesilla valley, in this territory, and the ancient city of Santa Fe, (said to be the second city, built on the American continent,) in New Mexico. Immediately on my return, I had contemplated writing an account of the trip, for your spirited and ably conducted little sheet, but sickness and a press of business, precluded the possibility of my doing so at an earlier date. Thinking, probably, it would be better late than never—I write away an hour or two upon this, the Lord's day, in "dishing up," for your readers, the "things which I saw,"—with some little digressions—taring my journey thither, and stay at the aforesaid place.

To begin, then:—In company with the Hon. Phil. Henshaw, late of California, and two other passengers, who were going "East," I left Tucson in the Overland Mail Stage, and made the distance—300 miles to Mesilla—in 50 hours. Although you travel night and day, you make up for loss of sleep and other inconveniences incident to the road, by the kindness and attention of the conductors and drivers, who accompany you, from station to station upon the route. They do all in their power to make the journey comfortable for the Overland Passenger, and then you go "whizzing" along at such a rate, (particularly if you are a "way passenger") and arrive at your place of destination before you have time to reflect, that you are not traveling in a first class rail road car, in a cozy and comfortable manner.

The City of Mesilla, is quite a large and thriving place, containing about 4000 inhabitants—3,000 of whom are Mexicans, the balance are what are termed American or "white" population. The city is surrounded by quite a beautiful valley, with a fine stream of good water—used for irrigation, bathing, etc.—running immediately in the rear of the town. The valley contains many thriving farms, upon which fair crops of wheat and corn, are gathered yearly—and in many cases two crops a year are raised from the same land and all this without a particle of manure; the land however, at certain seasons, in many places, overflows from the Rio Grande, hence the continued richness and fertility of the soil. Vegetables are also grown in the valley, but I understand the Potato, from some cause, has not been raised with any degree of success. The Mexican farmer knows but little about "planting," compared with our western farmer—consequently the Mexican seldom gets, what what would be termed, by the American farmer a "full" crop. All crop growing in this valley and other parts of the "Purchase," as well as in the Territory of New Mexico, is done by irrigation, which the Mexican farmer understands well, and it is surprising, to me the great extent and perfection the watering of the soil, in this manner, is done, particularly in the territory of New Mexico.

Mesilla is the residence of the Probate or County Judge, and also of the Sheriff of Dona Ana County—which comprises the whole territory of Arizona—both sides of the Rio Grande, to the Sonora line and Fort Yuma, a distance of 600 miles—tolerably large county, that. A Justice of the Peace, or Alcalde, also resides here; and this year she sends a Senator and a member of the lower House, to the Legislature, which convenes the coming winter at Santa Fe. The Sheriff, Mr. Bean, and the Clerk of the Court, Mr. Lucas, are both Americans, who have been a long time in the country, and have Mexican families. The other officers of the county are Mexicans, who do not speak or understand one word of the English language. The jurors are also Mexican, and the proceedings of the Courts—proceedings and all, are in the Spanish language. Even the Poll Books for the Elections are made out in the Spanish. All the other portions of the territory of Arizona, are the reverse of this—the Americans have something to say, about who shall be their officers. Mesilla boasts of a jail, built in the middle of a street near, the plaza—of upright logs, fastened together with heavy iron chains; but notwithstanding this apparent security, and the prisoners are always heavily ironed, they manage to have a "general jail delivery," whenever they get tired of their quarters, and have a little outside aid. One of these "deliveries" took place during my sojourn in the place; it was not "true" day, neither were there any discharges issued by the Courts, and yet with one solitary exception—a Mexican that would not "muzzle,"—daylight found the jail tenanted.

Every one appeared to be delighted with the escape, and that the city had got rid of feeding a lot of cut-throat scoundrels. One mean fellow left without paying his lawyer a fee. Shabby fellow that—deserves a halter next time instead of a horse. Speaking of lawyers, Mesilla is blessed, or as some people might think, cursed with a disciple of Blackstone; and a right good fellow he is too, his name is Sam. Corns—a good name that for a lawyer—who has the entire "run of the kitchen" and is doing as he deserves to do, well. "Sam" is a great stickler for that writ of right, the *habeas corpus*—always has one on hand—carries it in his hat—and will bring out of limbo any poor devil who may have the misfortune to get into the hands of that bane of frontier society, those hard hearted and uncompromising officers of the law. Many a desponding *hombre* has been sent on his way rejoicing, by "Sam," by the application of the *habeas* act to the case—Sam is not a selfish man, by any manner of means, I had full evidence of that fact, during my sojourn in his exclusive "diggings," brother "limb," said Sam, placing his hand upon his heart—it was his right hand—wade through Coke and Littleton with me—my library is not extensive, but large enough for all legal purposes—let us, said Sam, divide all the fees we can coax out of all the clients, in our range—he said over—that may be unfortunate enough to fall into the meshes of the law—which the learned Dr. Ollipod, was made to say "will do for a man." I had to decline this generous offer of my friend Sam,—my destination lay in another quarter—and he is still the *solus* advocate of the Mesilla valley. Our parting was affectionate—very—all I could stammer out, was "God bless you, Sam," and crossed the Rio Grande in a dug-out.

Politics ran high at Mesilla. A portion of the people being determined to take part in the election for Delegate to Congress from New Mexico. Some advocating the claims of Otero, others for Gallegos; all however, I was pleased to find, were in favor of the election of LUTY. Mowry, and determined to give that gentleman their undivided support.

There was a bit of a row, too here. It commenced at a *bar*, in which the Americans and Mexicans mixed indiscriminately. The origin of the "row" was this: a Mexican insulted an American, while on the floor dancing, and as a matter of course the Mexican was *flashed*. The American in his turn "went down," the "long odds," being against him. He, according to the custom of the country, cut pistol and fired, and hit a Mexican in the heel. The Mexicans being ten to one of the Americans, they were forced to give way, and run for it. Some eighteen or twenty shots were fired at the Americans while they were retreating across the plaza, into Bean's Hotel. Little or no damage was done on either side. After the battle, the loss summed up as follows: 1 Mexican and 2 Americans wounded; 2 Americans missing; and the balance occurred in Bean's, with from 50 to 100 greasers on the outside, armed in all sorts of ways. In the morning, Major Gordon, Commander at Fort Fillmore, dispatched to our aid Lieut. Lord, with 25 Dragoons, who were armed and equipped as the law directs. It is needless to add, that the presence of these soldiers had the desired effect, and "order reigned in Warsaw." That night a rumor was again rife, that the Mexicans intended to renew the attack. Every American in the place, with the aid and assistance of the Overland Mail Company, armed and fortified himself, and resolved to do or die. It was all a false alarm. It was the Mexicans who feared an attack from some Americans, who had been drinking, which caused the Mexican women and children to be sent out of the way. And so our appearing on the plaza, as had previously been the custom of the natives on beautiful moonlight Sunday nights—and this being one—hence the cause for the alarm of the Americans.

After crossing the Rio Grande, I stopped at a place called Las Cruces, here you take the Stage for Santa Fe—elching horses about six miles further on at Dona Ana. The Hotel at Las Cruces, is kept by Mr. John Ward, an old Californian, who is married to a Mexican lady. At this place, I had the good fortune to meet Col. S. J. Jones, now the Collector for Arizona. This is the same famous Leconteville Sheriff Jones of Kansas. Well, I must say, from what I had read in the "Republican" newspapers, about the Colonel, I expected to see a monstrosity of some kind or other, bearing the human form. On the other hand, I found him to be a well formed, good looking, young man, (certainly not over 30) a perfect gentleman in his deportment, an intelligent, in an eminent degree. I thereupon made up my mind, hereafter not to credit anything in the opposition press, about "border ruffians" or any other political event, until I could see, and judge for myself. There is one thing however, which is very certain—the press will talk, and there is no use to try to stop it—I for one, have long since, given up that foolish notion—it is a prerogative they claim in this enlightened age, and one which appears, generally to be conceded to them. The "Press"—that wonderful lever—it can build up—without foundation—and destroy without good cause; and yet with all this, what would America be without what is termed the "freedom of the press,"—which is nothing more than its licentiousness.

Speaking of the press, gentle reader, I was once an Editor! and although I am not allowed at this writing, to say "we," still the Editor of the *Missouri Republican*, might treat one of the "has been," with a little more dignity, than he has heretofore been in the habit of doing when writing about the undersigned, in his widely circulated sheet. Probably, the Editor has never had the good fortune, to have read the "Phoenix" or the "Ubiquitous," if he

has not, it is his misfortune, and not only that, he has missed a literary treat. It is hardly to call a once contemporary, "antiquarian." But alas! "Othello's occupation is gone"—I am no longer permitted to squint in the *telescope*—a short lived but a money editorial career, as all things must—come to an end. I now resign all the honors—which would have been showered upon me, had I further continued my arduous literary productions, to the sapient Editor of the St. Louis Republican!

"Be kind to my memory, and oh! defend Against your judgment, your well-wishers' blind, Let not the troubling feeling, exist just as it is, But guard these laurels that descend from your pen."

The Editor is in error, I was not *expelled* by the so called Vigilance Committee of San Francisco. To borrow an expression from Ex-Gov. Ford, I "ignominiously fled," as any one would have done under similar circumstances. I look back with exceeding pleasure and some pride to that retreat—which was accounted by many, quite a masterly effort. Although at present located in the far off territory of Arizona, (not so far but I occasionally hear from the press) I am not still retreating. So soon as the bloodhounds had satiated themselves with the gore of their victims, I again appeared on the field of action—had an Act of Assembly passed, changing the case, from the malign influence of the gay, but bloody metropolis, to one of the rural districts and was honorably acquitted. For the truth of this statement, I refer the Editor of the St. Louis Republican, to Ex-Senator Ford, or "old consistency Ford," as he was named in California, who was one of the lawyers that prosecuted the case. The old gentleman is somewhere on the other side of the continent, trying, as I understand, to pick out a safe place to get to Congress, whenever he can make up his mind, which side he will run on. Although the old "Union sayer" is somewhat disguised in his new *reig*, he can easily be distinguished, when in his company, by the many stories he relates, of the weary pilgrimages he made, side by side, with Clay, Webster, and Calhoun, in "defense of the Constitution."

E. McG.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Among the Austrian prisoners at Paris at this moment is one belonging to a regiment which claims a singular privilege—that of encamping for three days, wherever they pass through Vienna, in the Court of the Emperor, and of receiving the most regal entertainment. The Colonel, upon his arrival, is allowed by law to pass to the Emperor's chamber without question, no one being permitted to stop him. He knocks thrice, and demands orders of His Majesty, when the Emperor invites him and his to remain three days, regaling at his expense in the palace—assigns the Colonel a room near his own, the standards of the regiment are piled at his door, and a guard and lords in waiting attend him the same as the sovereign. The origin of the custom is this: In 1623, Leopold the First was suddenly waited upon by sixteen Barons, with a charter, which they were upon the point of forcing him to sign, having, as they thought, secured the absence of all the troops from Vienna, when, suddenly, a Colonel, who received information from a secret source—it was never discovered whence—knocked at the door thrice, and, in the great joy of the Emperor, demanded His Majesty's orders for his regiment, which were that the sixteen Barons should be at once beheaded.

A Paris correspondent says of Napoleon, that he is by race an Italian, by birth a Dutchman, by school education a German, by military education a Swiss, by political studies an Englishman, and by his crown he is a Frenchman.

An Ohio editor recently took a contemporary to task for copying choice scraps from his editorial columns, and not receiving credit for them. The contemporary replied by saying he "didn't do a credit business."